

Gc
929.2
H2893h
1907997

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION



3 1833 03083 0092



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

<https://archive.org/details/autobiographyand00hatt>

107897

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
AND A SHORT HISTORY
OF THE HATTSTAEDT FAMILY
STARTED BY PASTOR WILHELM HATTSTAEDT
OF MONROE, MICHIGAN,
AND CONTINUED BY
PROFESSOR OTTO F. HATTSTAEDT, D.D.,
OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

CS Hattstaedt, Otto F.
 71 Autobiography and a short history of the
 .H366 Hattstaedt family started by Pastor Wilhelm
 1961 Hattstaedt of Monroe, Michigan, and continued by
 Professor Otto F. Hattstaedt, D.D., of Milwaukee,
 Wisconsin. St. Louis, Mo., 1961.
 33 p. 29½ cm.

57428

1. Hattstaedt fam. I. Hattstaedt, Wilhelm.

1907997

(
 1907997

9-2-76R

1711
 975

FOREWORD

The following autobiography of my sainted grandfather, Pastor Wilhelm Hattstaedt of Monroe, Mich., is not a complete story of his life and career, but no more than some biographical notes. They contain much valuable information about his early life in Germany, but very little about his activities as a pastor and missionary in southeastern Michigan. Most of his correspondence and other notes and documents, from which much information about his life could have been gleaned, seem to be irretrievably lost. A very fine "Ehrengedaechtnis" (a memorial in honor of a person) of my grandfather, written after his death by Professor J. S. Simon, was published in Der Lutheraner, running through the issues of July 1 and 15 and August 1, 1884. This "Ehrengedaechtnis" is based in part on the following notes and in part on the other notes left by my grandfather. For a still better account of his life and career, especially as a pioneer pastor in Michigan, see an article in the Concordia Historical Institute Quarterly, Vol. IX, No. 1 (April 1936), pp. 10 to 20: "Pastor William Hattstaedt, the first Lutheran minister in Michigan sound in doctrine and practice," written by my father, Professor Otto F. Hattstaedt, D.D. Based on this article, Professor W. G. Polack, Jr., wrote a condensed biography of my grandfather for the same quarterly, Vol. XII, No. 4 (January 1940), pp. 105 to 108. These accounts supplement one another. For a true appreciation of my grandfather's life and work all of them should be read.

My grandfather's notes as well as the continuation of the family history written by my father, and also my father's jottings on his own life, were never intended for publication or even duplication in a limited number of copies, but were written for the benefit of the family only and were supposed to remain in private possession of the family. This whole story is herewith submitted to the reader only upon a number of urgent requests. If it had been written for publication, many details would have been omitted or written up differently. To readers outside the family circle and others not closely related to the family many details may seem unimportant and uninteresting. The kind reader will please take this into consideration.

The German spelling of given names and German official titles of people mentioned in this history were left unaltered as found in the original manuscript except in a few instances where the English spelling occurs.

The numerals 537 to 583 refer to the page numbers in the original manuscript.

St. Louis, Missouri
May 1961

Otto Hattstaedt, Jr.

BIOGRAPHY OF PASTOR WM. HATTSTAEDT

(Page 537) My father, Johann Michael Hattstaedt, hailed from Gunzenhausen, Franconia, in the kingdom of Bavaria. My mother was Marie Wilhelmine nee Immel, from Uffenheim. My father was city and battalion surgeon in the city of Langenzenn in the kingdom of Bavaria. He had married the widow of his brother, the country physician Hattstaedt, who had died there, and had received a son into his marriage whose name was Jean Hattstaedt, who died at Gunzenhausen, (likewise) as a country physician. No children issued forth from this marriage. His wife died early of consumption. After the mourning period my father entered a second marriage, with my mother, mentioned above, Marie Wilhelmine nee Immel, of Uffenheim. The marriage was blessed with three children: Susanna Rosina Hattstaedt, Julie Hattstaedt, and Georg Wilhelm Hattstaedt, myself (meine Wenigkeit).

My sister Susanna Rosina Hattstaedt, born May 22, 1807, at Langenzenn, also emigrated to America and married Johann Kornbausch on January 7, 1852, and settled with him in the congregation at Sandy Creek, Monroe County (Michigan).

(538) My sister Julie Hattstaedt married Jakob Friedrich Dehler, a master tanner in Noerdlingen in the kingdom of Bavaria, and died there in May 1866.

I saw the light of day on August 29, 1811, at 7 o'clock in the evening, and, according to my baptismal certificate, was baptized on September 3 and received into the gracious covenant of the Triune God. In Holy Baptism I received the name Georg Wilhelm Christoph. Witnesses to my baptism were Georg Wilhelm Gebhard, city surgeon at Gunzenhausen, and Johann Christoph Thomas Immel, royal Prussian army surgeon at Ansbach, my mother's brother.

When I had arrived at the proper age, my parents sent me to school at my birthplace. Soon, however, other circumstances arose. According to His hidden, wonderful counsel it pleased the good God to visit me and my sisters early with great tribulations. On March 31, 1816, my good mother passed away. So I was a motherless orphan already at the age of four and one-half. Later, my father remarried, with Maria Beuschinger of Langenzenn. We children (539) did not receive a mother in her but a stepmother in the worst sense (of the word). A terrible time followed in the parental home. The awful vexation and grief soon also brought my dear father under the sod; he died already on August 19, 1820. Now we had become total orphans. Our parental estate was sold, and we children were distributed among several relatives. For a year I came to Gunzenhausen, to (the home of) Herrn (Mr.) Wilhelm Gebhard, where I enjoyed parental love once more. But only for a short time. After a year my uncle, Herr Doktor Immel at Ansbach, took me into his home and sent me to the public school (Realschule). In the home of my uncle I received an indescribably harsh treatment. He was a widower and left the entire household and also my bringing up to a

wicked housekeeper, so that, physically, this almost was my undoing (wo ich leiblich fast zugrunde ging). Here the ground was laid for certain physical weaknesses which could no more be remedied for the (remaining) time of my life. However, in school I advanced rapidly, so that I received the second prize at an examination.

Having finished my 14th year, I was instructed in the Lutheran doctrine of faith and confirmed by Herrn Dekan (Dean) Lehmus. I received a good Christian instruction. Herr Dekan Lehmus at that time was the only Lutheran clergyman at Ansbach who believed the Bible. However, there was but little of an inner life of faith in me at that time, but trouble often brought me down upon my knees in prayer, and I had all but died to the world.

(540) After my confirmation I had to leave the home of my uncle. My guardian, Herr Fabrikant (manufacturer) Schmauk of Langenzenn, apprenticed me to master brassfounder (Guertlermeister) at Fuerth.

My apprenticeship and time as a journeyman (Gesellenzeit) went by happily. I made my masterpiece, was given the best testimonies, and was received into the circle of contestants for the privilege of exercising a trade (um ein Meisterrecht) in the city of Fuerth.

But the Lord had different plans for me. At Fuerth I had soon become acquainted with Christian-minded young people who belonged to the local small congregation of brethren (Bruedergemeinde). I visited the meetings, and by the grace of God a living faith was kindled in my heart; I found Him whom my soul had sought for a long time, the Lord Christ. Prevenient grace had operated in me long before this. I had the means to visit social circles and take part in worldly pleasures; but when I visited these and my comrades reveled in gaiety, it seemed to me that invisible powers pulled me away. I could find no pleasure in them, but a great fear (Herzensangst) filled me, and so I finally secluded myself and passed my time reading useful or entertaining books until at last, as stated above, God led me into a Christian society.

However, I did not stay long with the congregation of brethren (Bruedergemeinde). At that time a great and gracious visitation of God came upon our Lutheran Church in Bavaria. First of all, there were numerous awakenings among the young students at the university of Erlangen, and as a result many believing pastors came to the congregations who proclaimed the way of life earnestly and zealously so that many became converted from darkness to light. In the large parish church at Fuerth the shallowest rationalism had been preached for many years. (541) The congregation was tired of the loathsome food and disdained to hear such preaching. The church was empty on Sundays, and a general demoralization (Verwilderung) resulted. Those who still felt a spiritual need went to the meetings of the congregation of brethren (Bruedergemeinde). By God's gracious providence

a believing vicar came to Fuerth who preached repentance and faith to the congregation in full youthful vigor and with apostolic zeal. The impression of the preaching of the pure Gospel upon the congregation was tremendous. In a short time the parish church was filled every Sunday. The church even became too small, so that the construction of a second church became necessary. About at this time when one could again hear the dear Word of God in greater power and purity in our Lutheran church than in the meetings of the brethren, I, with other young brethren, left these meetings, and we again joined our Lutheran mother church, the church of the pure confessional writings, and adhered to it closely. We organized a Lutheran young men's society and assisted vigorously toward the extension of God's kingdom. The activity of the Lutheran Christians of Bavaria at that time-- it was about the year of our Lord 1840--already reached out to America. A number of pastors and laymen, under the leadership of Pastor Wilhelm Loehe (of Neuendettelsau) had formed a society whose task it was to take care of those of the household of the Lutheran faith who had emigrated to North America and to provide pastors and teachers for them. To this end they sent out appeals to Christian young people who felt the desire and love in themselves to serve the church in America, to offer their services (sich dazu zu melden). Through God's rich grace this appeal also reached me and struck the desire of my heart. I announced my willingness at once and was accepted without further ceremony. The pastors (542) Lehmus and Kraussold at Fuerth accepted me for my preparatory instruction. Learning and studying caused me no particular difficulty since I had received a very good instruction in my youth. In 1841 I was sent to the missionary seminary in Dresden for further (professional) training. I was there for two years. After graduation (nach bestandnem Examen) I came to Herrn Pfar-rer (Pastor) Loehe for another half year to receive instruction in practical theology (um in praktischer Weise ins Pfarramt eingefuehrt zu werden). In April 1844, I, together with several other brethren of the society for North America, was sent'hither (to America) into my field of labor. We were the second ones to be sent out by them.

Our preliminary destination was Columbus, Ohio, where we were directed to Professor F. Winkler, subject to his further disposal. We arrived happily at our destination and received a cordial welcome. Through the instrumentality of Professor Winkler I soon received a call to the local congregation (Trinity Lutheran Congregation in Monroe, Mich.). I arrived here at the end of August 1844 and was ordained and solemnly inducted into my office on September 5* by the two pastors Schmid and Cronenwett. This was in Zoar Church in the presence of the assembled congregation. I was here obligated upon all the confessional writings of the Lutheran Church, to teach and administer my office in accordance with them.

Since part of the congregation members lived in the city of Monroe, others south of it, and still others northeast of it, I settled in the center,

*Elsewhere October 9 is given as the date.

namely, in the city. At the beginning of 1845 I entered the estate of holy matrimony with Miss Anna Maria Schmid, the sister of Herrn Pfarrer F. Schmid of Ann Arbor. With her I lived in a very happy marriage. She bore me seven children.

(543) My oldest daughter, Luise Margarethe Karoline, was born December 16, 1847; my son Friedrich Wilhelm Herrmann was born November 24, 1849; my son Jakob Johannes was born December 28, 1851; my daughter Maria Rosina Katharina was born May 2, 1855; my son Gottlieb Herrmann Stephan was born December 26, 1856; my daughter Julie Charlotte Elisabetha was born February 5, 1859; my son Benjamin was born February 22, 1861, and died March 17, 1861. When my dear wife had born this child, she caught a cold, causing the usual flow of blood to be slowed up; an abdominal inflammation and a severe bilious fever developed of which she died in spite of all applied medical help. This visitation of God caused an unspeakably great sorrow for me. The death day of my sainted wife was March 2, 1861. She died in full consciousness and in a live faith in our Savior and Mediator Jesus Christ as a faithful disciple of the Lord. During her illness the congregation showed the most heartfelt sympathy in her suffering. Day and night the house would not become empty. The ladies nursed her with faithful love, and innumerable sighs and prayers with many tears were offered for her that the Lord would preserve her precious life. But in the counsel of God her bounds were appointed (Job 14:5). On March 4 she was solemnly committed to the earth, the congregation and the entire city showing the most extraordinary sympathy. Pastor Hermann Lemke preached the funeral sermon. Now here I was, a widower with six children to be brought up. The ladies of the congregation helped out in the friendliest manner, but none would venture to step in as a housekeeper to fill a real need. I appealed to the faithful Father-heart of my God and said, "Dear God, (544) Thou must send me counsel and help; I know of none." And the Lord did not put my hope to shame. He helped me from a side from which I had least expected it. With my opposition preacher Herzberger, who served a congregation of the Ohio Synod which had started through separation from us, there stayed an educated widow with her two children who sought a suitable position for herself. One of my congregation members who knew her quite well recommended her to me. I sent for her immediately and offered her the position of housekeeper. She accepted it, and thus I found help in time of need. I found her to be quite a suitable person. After she had taken care of my household most faithfully for almost three fourths of a year, I again entered the estate of holy matrimony with her. Her name was Luisa Sophia Charlotte Baehr nee Gaussmann. She was born May 27, 1820 (1821?), at Detmold (in the principality of Lippe in Germany). Her parents were Herr Simon August Gaussmann and Frau Friederike Gaussmann. The name of my second wife's first husband was Karl Louis Baehr. Out of her first marriage I received two children (into my marriage with her): Karl Wilhelm Louis Baehr, born July 17, 1854, at Baltimore, Md., and Dorothea Virginie Baehr, born October 12, 1857, likewise at Baltimore. Out of this second marriage a son was born to me: Otto Friedrich, on December 31, 1862.

On January 18, 1863, he was baptized in Trinity Church (Monroe, Mich.). Baptismal witnesses were Pastor Jakob Trautmann of Adrian (Mich.) and his wife, Charlotte; Teacher Salomon Simon and his wife, Katharina; Mr. Andreas Wagner and his wife, Maria; and, finally, Mr. Friedrich Gaussmann of Lippe-Detmold. (545) Also in this second marriage the Lord bestowed His grace richly upon me. I found a faithful, loving helpmeet in my second wife, an experienced, active housewife, and my children received a mother in the true sense of the word.

On November 15, 1865, my daughter Luise Margarethe married Johannes Gottlob Walther, at that time pastor at Wyandotte, Mich. My two oldest sons, Wilhelm and Johannes, dedicated themselves to the Lord's service; with God's help they were to become servants of His holy church. To this end I sent them to the college of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and Adjacent States at Fort Wayne (Ind.). With God's blessing they advanced very rapidly so that Wilhelm can enter the theoretical theological preachers seminary in St. Louis (Mo.) this fall (1869). Unfortunately, Johannes became afflicted with an eye inflammation so that I had to take him home from the college. My son Wilhelm Baehr takes a business course (erlernt die Handlung).

Concerning my official activity, it will soon be 25 years that I am at the head of my congregation at this place. In them my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ has shown me so much grace, help, and counsel that I must exclaim: "Lord, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy sinful servant" (Gen. 32:10). I am a wonder of His grace even as far as my health is concerned. He has almost always kept me in good health in spite of my weak and frail constitution so that there were but a few Sundays in the years of my ministry on which I could not preach. He has also faithfully stood by me in the numberless afflictions and struggles in the ministry and, as already stated, in my household with its cross, and has with all temptation and affliction also made a way to escape, so that I was able to bear it. (546) Also, He has not cast me away but borne with me with fatherly patience in my various weaknesses and neglects.

In the late summer of 1869 I could, by the grace of God, celebrate my 25th anniversary in the ministry. Pastor Hermann Lemke of Roseville preached the festival sermon on Psalm 118:1. The congregation and the whole city most cordially participated in this celebration. The years 1870, 71, 72, and 73 for me were fraught with severe strife and painful experiences in the congregation. In the last-mentioned year the Lord gave me an exceptionally bitter cup of sorrow to drink. On September 17, 1873, my dearly beloved son Wilhelm, pastor and missionary at Shreveport in the state of Louisiana, died of yellow fever. This was a painful visitation of God for me, but the faithful God gave me strength to bear it and to resign myself to His will. It is He who places a burden upon us, and also helps us to bear it. As God according to His wonderful counsel ordains it that His Christians never are

without a cross, so also the year 1874 was one of those of which one must say, as far as the external man is concerned: "I have no pleasure in them" (Eccl. 12:1). The Lord permitted a few congregation members to instigate abominable quarrels in the congregation in which especially one man hurt and insulted me through his immoderately rude behavior and terrible accusations and vilifications. At the request of the congregation, District President J. A. Huegli (of Detroit) thoroughly investigated the affair in three meetings in which I was completely vindicated. The grief over the long controversy almost broke my heart. The above-mentioned man even then would not let the matter rest but continued his wild (wuest) and unchristian quarreling so that the congregation also called in Professor C.F.W. Walther (of St. Louis) to settle the controversy. (547) Also in this investigation I was fully vindicated, and the man was declared to be in the wrong and had to retract all his accusations, and it seemed as if there would be peace in the congregation; but that man's hatred and hostility against me were evident continually at every occasion. All attempts at peace failed; he rejected the investigations by Huegli and Walther and demanded a new investigation. Recognizing the uselessness (of another investigation), the congregation did not consent to it. Then, at the beginning of June 1879 he asked for his release, which was granted him by the congregation at once for the sake of peace.

(Thus far the autobiography of Pastor Wilhelm Hattstaedt. In his modesty he mentioned very little about his pastoral activity. We refer the reader again to what was stated in the Foreword. The continuation of the history of the Hattstaedt family was written by Prof. Otto F. Hattstaedt of Milwaukee and, as the foregoing autobiography, translated by O.H., Jr.)

After 15 years of distressful strife, peace had returned at last. What Papa suffered during those years is more than one can tell. Not only did the above-mentioned man* represent him as a false teacher, a seducer, a belly servant (Bauchpfaff), a traitor, but Papa also had to experience it that not a small party in the congregation took sides with that man (in ein Horn blies). Even though all these accusations were miserable lies (erlogen und erstunken), yet they so preyed upon his mind that one could not but notice that the days of his pilgrimage were numbered, even as he himself had no more ardent desire than to depart and be with Christ. Yet, a few more years were allotted to him which, however, were nothing but labor, hardship, and grief. He still had to experience very bitter insults in them, and the burden of his office weighed heavily and oppressively upon him. Yet he was never heard to complain; he wanted to serve his Lord in his office unto his last breath, and the sense of duty always gave him the necessary cheerfulness and strength in spite of his age and his infirmities. Great was the excitement caused by the removal of the congregation's school principal, J.S. Simon, who had accepted a call to the practical (548) seminary at Springfield, Ill. The congregation had to send out about a dozen calls to replace

* The man's name was Konrad Mohr.

him. That meant much work and annoyance, and when finally a teacher accepted the call, the trouble yet did not end.

Already during the long congregation quarrel mentioned above, Papa, otherwise a thoroughly healthy man, developed a heart disease which caused him more or less trouble. His doctor told him that this would most certainly, and within not too long a time, become the cause of his death, and he (the doctor) was right. Papa himself knew it, and he was at all times prepared for his death.

On January 18, 1884, his only sister, our dear aunt Rosina Kornbausch, passed away. As Papa visited her the last time during her illness, he took leave of her with the words: "Sister, we'll see each other again soon." And soon he was to see her again. Two weeks later his old heart disease reappeared, and with such vehemence that his immediate departure could be feared. The children were summoned by telegraph and came from as far as was possible for them, to see their papa once more. Nevertheless, the good God had another heavy cross in store for His faithful servant. He was not to depart so soon but still taste a long and unusually painful sickness. More than six weeks he had to suffer, continually tormented by difficulty in breathing, his heart and lungs failing to function properly, with no thought, of course, of a restful and prolonged sleep. The choking spells which seized him were truly terrible to behold. He declared himself to have been a wonder of God as far as his health was concerned. Sickly and frail as a child, yes, even yet as a youth, so that the physicians predicted an early death for him and declared his intention to go to the rough America as a missionary a folly, he still had steeled his body through a very careful and regular mode of living so that he never was seriously ill and throughout his forty-year ministry had to omit hardly five sermons. This explains the fact that he stood his last illness (549) more than wonderfully. In his choking spells he often showed a strength of body that several strong men could hardly hold him.

His sickness, however, was very edifying. Unceasingly he occupied his mind with his Savior, whose bloody sacrifice was his everlasting treasure. Very often he prayed: "Come, dear Savior, and take me home." At the same time he also spoke about missionary work, about the Catechism, which ought to be taught energetically throughout Synod; and, more than all, his confirmands lay close to his heart. He wished to see them once more, and it was touching indeed as the great number of them one morning came to take leave of him. One after another, they stepped up to his bed, and he gave each one of them his hand for a last greeting. He had a friendly word for all and expressed the hope to see all of them someday once more in heaven.

In the third week of March his illness worsened in an alarming manner. From now on every breath was a sigh, he could sleep but a few minutes, his tongue became paralyzed so that he could make himself understood only with very great difficulty, and a weakness set in which foreboded all too clearly the nearness of his death. The most intense pains seized him which pressed

out of him uninterruptedly day and night sighs and moans and calls such as "O weh - weh - weh - ach - lieber - Gott" etc. Often we could notice how he folded his hands and lifted up his eyes to God most imploringly. This condition lasted until the afternoon of March 21. Up to that time he had suffered terribly, and, oh, if he had not had his Savior! If he had not drawn comfort out of the beautiful hymn stanzas and Bible passages which we called to him! But now he became more quiet; the weakness of death set in. Through a sigh he summoned us children, Otto, Julie, and Virginie, to himself, placed his hand upon our head, and gave us his blessing. Then he said understandably: "Liebes Muetterle, jetzt kommt der Tod. Ade, alle, ade, lebt wohl!" ("Dear little mother, now death is at hand. Good-by, all, good-by, fare well!") Soon after he called distinctly: "Betet, betet, alle!" ("Pray, pray, all of you!") Toward 11 o'clock I asked him whether he wished to die upon the doctrine which he had believed and preached, whereupon he answered with a distinct voice: "Ja!" ("Yes!") (550) Now his strength failed fast. It was evident that he would not live to see the morning. At 12 o'clock his eyes showed he was dying (brachen seine Augen), his breath became a death rattle more and more. Very firmly Mama spoke these words into his ear: "When soul and body languish, Oh, leave me not alone, But take away mine anguish By virtue of Thine own!" (In the German original.) "My good, dear Papa, now your Savior will soon come and take you home to the heavenly Jerusalem. Now you will soon have finished your struggle." While he was now wrestling with death, we had a congregation member, Mr. Ferner, read various prayers and hymns, and exactly eight minutes to 4 o'clock, as Mr. Ferner read the prayer for a dying person ("Gebet der Umstehenden fuer einen Sterbenden") in our (German) hymnbook, our dear papa drew his last breath. Up to that time an unusually sad expression of pain had been upon his face, but now, in the instant of his death, it became a happy one (hellte es sich auf) in a blessed smile (in einem seligen Laecheln) - a foretaste of the heavenly bliss which he entered now. - Mr. Finzel, another congregation member, soon went to the church sexton, who from 6 to half past 6 caused the sad and slow deathknell to be sounded from the church tower, which announced to the whole city that a faithful, conscientious pastor, a preacher of the true Gospel, a friend and provider for widows and orphans, and a kind-hearted (herzensguter), dearly beloved husband and father had entered his eternal rest.

Tuesday, March 25, his funeral took place, the whole congregation, yes, the entire city participating in vast numbers. Six pastors of the area carried the casket into the church. Pastor J.A. Huegli of Detroit preached the funeral sermon on 2 Tim. 1:12: "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." This Bible passage Papa himself had selected as his funeral text. Pastor C.A. Weisel read the obituary. The precious body was deposited in the cemetery vault; after six weeks it was lowered into the grave where it awaits a happy resurrection to eternal life. A beautiful granite monument marks its resting place.

(551) With the death of our dear papa our household was torn asunder. Mama and the two girls, Julie and Virginie, now were alone. Soon thereafter, as a vacancy occurred in the school, Julie received a position as teacher and so earned a little. They also earned a little through sewing, while we sons regularly contributed something toward their sustenance. This was necessary because Papa had left very little. A short time later, when Virginie became married, Mama and Julie stayed a short time with her, then moved to Milwaukee to live with me, where they had their home ever since. In the spring of 1893 our old home in Monroe was sold for \$800. So, then, we are separated from the city so dear to us, and nothing attracts us there any more except the precious bodies which are reposing in the cemetery there.

Now there may follow a detailed biography of our dearly beloved, precious mama. It offers so much that is interesting, especially of the wonderful, gracious leadings of God, that it is certainly worth to be written up.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. LOUISE HATTSTAEDT

Mama was born on May 27, 1820 or 1821. Opinions differ since no reliable notations are available. Mama herself believes 1820 to be her birth year. She entered the world on her old family estate near Lippe-Detmold, which belonged to the family since the 16th century and was given to her great-great-grandfather as a sponsor present by the reigning prince. Uninterruptedly it remained in possession of the family. Mama's ancestors possessed the hereditary status of corporals of riflemen (or chasseurs, Oberjaeger) and upper foresters (Oberfoerster) and therefore wore stately uniforms—gray trousers with green stripes, hats with a green or red feather, swallow-tail coats with epaulets, and a silver sword (Hirschfaenger) at the side. The name of this family (Geschlecht) was Krueger. The estate was situated a short half hour east of Detmold in fascinating surroundings upon a hill and consisted of a small forest surrounded by beautiful gardens and plantations. The building was quite spacious, two stories high with an attic (Giebelraum) which was used as storage room for corn. It contained large rooms (Saele) besides many small rooms. Above the main entrance a 17-prong deer antler was beautifully displayed, over which 1662 could be read in large numerals—the year in which the (552) building was erected, and above it there was a pretty rhyme. At both sides of the house there were gardens in which there stood a pavilion toward the south wherein, later on, concerts were given by the band of the master and the mistress. Later, also two bowling alleys were constructed in the park. In front of the house was a paved court leading to another house in which Mama's grandfather on her mother's side lived. For this estate belonged to Mama's family from her mother's side. It was known under the name "Falkenkrug."*

Mama's mother's name was Friederike Krueger, who was a direct descendant of an ancient family. Born 1793, she was a very pretty blonde, very in-

*Not "Falkenberg," as copied erroneously elsewhere.

telligent and lovable. Sixteen years of age, she married Simon August Gaussmann. According to the emblem, which is in Willie's (William Baehr's) possession, the Gaussmann family hailed from Hesse-Kassel and was a very aristocratic family from which several excellent jurists (arose and) distinguished themselves. Mama's grandfather had the position of horsekeeper (Stallmeister) on the lordly estate Lobshorn at Lippe and was a Lutheran. His son was the aforementioned Simon August, to whom he left a vast fortune, the greatest part of which, however, he lost later in a lawsuit. He was a military officer, fought as such in Spain and was also imprisoned there for a longer period of time. Having retired from the service, he married, at the age of 46, Mama's mother in 1809. They lived in the old Krueger hereditary estate, which had passed into possession of Mama's mother. They conducted an opulent household, had servants and maids, and the mistress administered the household most carefully. Six children were born to the couple: August (1810), Fritz (1811), Heinrich, Christine, Luise, and Theodor. After the birth of her sixth child the mother suffered a lung hemorrhage and died of tuberculosis in her 38th year, on November 2, 1831. Three years previously her husband had died. Both of them are resting in the Detmold city cemetery in the family vault before the Lemgo Gate.

August attended the Gymnasium (college) at Detmold, as did all his brothers except Heinrich, who was gifted very poorly. (553) He (August) was sent to Muenchen, 18 years old, in order to learn the brewing business, feeling inclined to it, and remained there for two years. When he returned home, his mother's sister had come to the family, a God-fearing, Christian person, 24 years of age, to nurse the mother and bring up the children. Her name, later, was Karoline Wulffken. Mama always esteemed her highly (sie stand bei der Mama stets in grossen Ehren). (She died 1891, 86 years old.) Two days before the mother's death she had promised her to take care of the children, especially the two youngest ones. The mother at this occasion also gave her blessing to the children, a fact which remained unforgettable to Mama. It happened on a Sunday, and on Tuesday evening she died. Through the mother's long illness all the money was used up, everything had gone backward, and there remained many debts. The aunt and August now again brought order into the estate. With borrowed money August now started a small brewery on the estate. He was successful, for he brewed excellent beer and found a ready market, and soon he could pay his debts. The beginning was difficult, but his aunt's prayer helped, and his credit was so good that the peasants brought barley without demanding immediate payment. From year to year the brewery expanded; it became known far and near under the name "Falkenkrug," and August could at last employ four coopers year after year. He later married a lady whose maiden name was Junker, who bore him four children, all of whom died except Bertha. Soon also the mother died. August remarried - the prettiest girl in Detmold. He was 41, and she 21 years old. This marriage remained childless and lasted but a short time since August died already in 1855. He bequeathed his entire property to his wife, putting her into a position even now to live in princely fashion. She married her cousin Schmidt, who enlarged the brew-

ery and thus completed the work which August had planned. After her husband's death she married a banker and at this time (1897) lives in Cologne. The remaining members of the family have not associated with her.

Bertha, mentioned above, developed to be a very pretty maiden, received an excellent (554) education, and for quite some time was lady companion in a count's family with which she made trips to Italy. She died 1872 of tuberculosis and bequeathed \$8,000 to Mama, Christine, and Fritz. This is the money which Mama received in 1873 and which was hailed as a present from Heaven by her and Papa at a time when money was so scarce in the house, all the more since it came so unexpectedly. Because there was no male heir on the mother's side of Mama's family, August's surviving widow sold the brewery for 210,000 thaler to a joint-stock company. Thus Mama's old hereditary estate was sold.

(There follows in the family history an account of the other brothers and the sister of our Grandma Hattstaedt; Fritz, Heinrich, Christine, and Theodor, which to us seemed to be of lesser interest to the descendants of our grandmother and which we omitted in this translation. - O.H., Jr.)

(555) My good mother (Mein Muetterchen) Luise. As already stated above, Mama was born May 27, 1820 (1821?). Soon after her birth she was baptized by Pastor Drege (556) and was named Luise Sophie Charlotte Amalie. Mama was a good-natured, merry child, the family's pet. Hardly five years old, she entered the knitting school of an officer's widow which was attended also by many other girls. From her seventh year she attended the school of Kantor Begemann in Detmold. At home she had no playmates, now (in school) all the more. They all were fond of her. Often she would bring something along for them, nuts, prunes, and was accompanied home by them. School lasted till 6 o'clock. In the winter a servant would come with a lantern and take her home. Besides the common school education, Mrs. Begemann instructed the little girls in knitting and needlework. One of her teachers was Herr Kotzenberg, son-in-law of the aged Begemann. Mama distinctly remembered the latter's golden anniversary, at which many of his former pupils were present. The teachers were well satisfied with Mama. She learned easily and had a good gift of perception; only geography she found difficult; even later she never was able to find her way in geographical directions. Ten years of age, she entered the (so-called) higher school where she learned everything that could be learned in such schools at that time. Her teachers were Nielaender, Sauerlaender, Dresel, Valentini. Madame Schuette gave instruction in needlework. From her twelfth to fourteenth year she attended confirmation instruction with Pastor Superintendent Althaus. Unfortunately, this (instruction) was not such as would lead to a deeper knowledge of the truth of salvation. Superintendent Althaus not only was "uniert" (neither Lutheran nor Reformed), he was also thoroughly rationalistic so that he could not be considered a true believer (so dass bei ihm von einem wahren Glaubensleben nicht die Rede war). On June 29, 1834, Mama was confirmed with 140 other children in the Reformed church at Det-

mold. Her memory verse was Psalm 23:1: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." After her confirmation she was permitted to learn various other things, so that finally she had received an excellent education. Even in her old age she could give convincing evidence of this. She wielded a facile pen and could write excellent letters of every sort, and for our amusement she recited the rules of declension and conjugation which she had learned as a child. She had even learned a little Latin.

She was not even nine years old when her father died, and about two and one-half years later tuberculosis also took her mother. She (the latter) had always been ailing, and in her tribulation she also had learned to lift her eyes up to God, and as a believer she went to her heavenly home. Now Mama was an orphan. However, her grandparents on her mother's side were still living. She often went to them and stayed with them. (557) The extraordinary love which her grandmother showed her soon made her forget her sorrow, and her youth was a happy and hilarious one in spite of the fact that she had lost her parents. In her parental home her aunt, Caroline Wulffken (mentioned above) now kept house, who also now was entrusted with the bringing up of the children. She was a good soul. Even though she received several marriage proposals, she believed it to be her duty to turn them down in order to fulfill her duties which she had taken over in the place of the parents. She was very strict in training the children. Mama could tell a lot about it. She also saw to it that Mama learned dressmaking etc. with Madame Essinghausen. The fees therefore were taken from her estate.

Mama had grown up to be a fair young woman who endeared herself everywhere through her winning ways. Because the people praised and flattered her, the aunt considered it better that she get away from home so that she might not become vain and be led into temptation. At the age of 17, her aunt therefore sent her to Oerlinghausen to enter the service of a merchant by the name of Hildebrandt and there to learn housekeeping. Frau Hildebrandt was a good housewife, but unreasonably strict with her husband. Mama also helped out in the store. In a very cold winter she had the misfortune of freezing her hands and feet. She suffered the consequences for the rest of her life. A store employee named Neuhaus soon showed that he was not a little in love with the young miss. However, she knew in a tactful manner to keep him at a distance.

Mama was there one year; then her grandfather's death called her back home. Frau Hildebrandt, however, wanted her to stay longer, and so she returned to Oerlinghausen and remained another year and one half. Longer than that she did not want to stay, and returned home, also in compliance with August's wish. She arrived there shortly before Christmas and was joyfully welcomed by her brothers. Before long she could enjoy many good times with the young people at home. But the old aunt, who wanted to make her "a disciple of Christ," was horrified at this and again effected Mama's removal from home. Soon people of Lemgo by the name of Brueggemann inquired whether Mama could come to them. They had a large distillery

(Brennerei), also conducted a hardware business, and were very rich, but the woman was a hypochondriac. Her husband thought Mama could cheer her up. Since the position seemed acceptable, Mama accepted it. The man also treated her very kindly, but the woman was very odd, and it was hard to get along with her. Mama was to be her companion and in this capacity she was veritably secluded like a nun with this woman and had to yield to that woman's every whim. She led a gloomy life and did not even get enough to eat so that she could hardly stand it. When her brothers (558) learned about it, they insisted that she leave, and after she had been there for one and one-fourth years, she returned home. But, lo, as soon as Aunt Wulffken noticed that Mama was again being flattered, she insisted that she must leave again. Without asking her, she informed her that in May she would have to go to a pastor's family by the name Stockmeier, at Meining. Mrs. Stockmeier had applied for Mama with her aunt. She (Mama) was shocked! (Das war ein Schrecken fuer sie!) Mrs. Stockmeier was everywhere in disrepute for her hypocrisy. She was inordinately proud and at the same time wanted to be so pious! But Mama had to yield. Willy-nilly she had to start on the unpleasant journey. She found it hard to be there. She was to run the household and supervise the work of the servants. Pastor Stockmeier indeed was very good to her, but on the part of his wife she was exposed to constant insults. The woman was pietistic and haughty. Every little smile she considered a worldly pleasure. One time Mama was penalized for it to carry forty pails of water. Two years she stood it here when she was taken sick with mucous fever (Schleimfieber) and had to be taken home. Here she lay ill for another few months and barely escaped death. Having recovered, she was requested by a Herr Schirholz, a hardware merchant at Detmold whose wife had died, to serve as housemaid for his children. She accepted the position and remained there for one year. At that time the Princess of Bentheim-Tecklenburg of Rheda inquired after an educated girl to serve as lady in waiting, and the position was offered her. The prince stood in the rank of cavalry captain and was commander of the eleventh regiment of hussars at Muenster. Mama was advised not to accept this call since such a position was questionable (bedenklich) on account of the temptations connected with it. However, Aunt Wulffken earnestly advised to it since she believed that Mama would thus find opportunity to acquire a still better education. So, Mama followed her advice and made the trip to Muenster. The position by and large was quite difficult, since a great responsibility rested upon it. She had to keep company constantly for the princess, look after her linens and clothes, sew, help the princess dress herself, etc. She, too, had to be dressed well and yet received only low wages. The prince was a disagreeable and mean fellow, and therefore only a few servants could stand it with him. As long as Mama was there, about sixty of them came and left again. But the princess was an excellent, refined lady to whom Mama was attached with great love. Several times Mama accompanied the princely couple on journeys, thus one time to the prince of Bosfeld, then to the court of Schleiz, through Thuringia as far as Leipzig. At Tallwitz she made the acquaintance of Julius Sturm (a German poet), who at that time was private tutor at (the

domicile of) the reigning prince of Schleiz, and enjoyed some very pleasant days in associating with him. (559) The journey, so delightful in general, was suddenly interrupted when the prince got into a vehement quarrel with the General von Schreckenstein and resigned as cavalry captain. Thus, of course, he forfeited his income, for as a begging prince he had nothing else. And now he began to be in want. The company now moved on to the prince of Rheda, the prince's brother, where the princess had her confinement. Poor conditions here! (Dort ging es recht armselig her.) Other disagreeable circumstances arose when a huntsman who was in the prince's employ constantly persecuted Mama because he suspected her to have secretly informed the prince of his shameful deeds. So Mama wrote to her brothers that they might take her home. Her brothers August and Friedrich soon arrived; Mama, however, was prevailed upon to stay yet for some time, so that she held this position for almost two years.

However, at home, at her brother August's, a still harder lot awaited her. For August's wife, an inordinately ambitious, jealous woman, did not like Mama. She uttered all kinds of unfounded accusations, was jealous of her when her old friends visited her, begrudged her her meals, and finally forced Mama to the resolve to leave the house. While seeking another place, she made the acquaintance of the daughter of a man of Baltimore, Md., by the name of Marie Degenhart, who told her that young girls could very easily find employment in America. Mama thought the matter over and resolved to leave her native country (den heimischen Boden zu verlassen) and to emigrate to America. When she informed her brother August of her resolve, he was almost beside himself, but, considering all circumstances, finally gave his consent. Through an agent Mama soon secured passage on the sailing vessel George Washington and in God's name left her home on April 12, 1847. With her brothers, who accompanied her, she stayed a few days in Bremen, since the ship did not yet leave. Arriving a little too late at Bremerhaven, she had to be taken to the ship in a rowboat and climb on board on a swaying rope ladder. She had bought herself a place in the steerage. Her pretty appearance, however, attracted the captain's attention, who already in the first days assigned her an excellent place in the cabin. During the 42 days on the sea she was well taken care of (sie hatte es sehr gut) and often delighted the captain with her beautiful songs. The vessel ran into some storms, and once there also was a fire on board. Landing at Baltimore, Mama remained one more day on the ship until she had notified the merchant Degenhart of her arrival, with whom she hoped to find lodgings for the time being. (560) As she walked on the deck, a Mr. Plato, attracted by curiosity, saw her and, at home, enthusiastically related how he had seen a pretty German girl on the ship that had just landed. Accidentally, his fellow student, music teacher Louis Baehr, was present. This man as yet had never given thought to a girl; but when he heard Plato's description, he felt an inner urge to see the girl and hurried to the ship. Meantime, Mama had already arrived at the Degenharts, and so Baehr did not meet her any more on the ship. But he inquired about her, found out that her name was Luise Gauss-

mann, and inquired about her at the Degenharts. Being introduced to her, he immediately felt attracted to her in true love. Not long after this he proposed to her (in July), and since Mama was alone and his reputation was perfectly good, she accepted him. On September 29, 1847, the couple was married by Pastor Kessler in the church on Calvert Street. So wonderfully all this came to pass. The young couple settled down in a home on Columbia Street near Fremont Avenue. The marriage was a really happy one. Baehr was of a slender type, handsome, talkative, heart-winning, goodhearted, and full of good humor, an excellent pianist and music teacher, also in connection with the Knabe & Gail piano firm, well liked by everyone. Mama bore five children, namely, Minna Auguste, January 24, 1850; Wilhelm Henry, October 7, 1851; Louis, April 30, 1853; Carl William, July 17, 1854; Virginie Dorothea, October 12, 1857. The first four were baptized by Pastor Kessler, the last one by Pastor Herzberger. Minna died December 26, 1851, of brain fever, Henry in September 1855 of the same disease. Louis died of convulsions already six weeks after his birth. Baehr was a kindhearted man and loved Mama dearly; yet he was very light-minded, vouched for his friends, and so always was in debts and caused his family to be in need. If he had not again and again earned good money through his wonderful piano playing, who can tell what might have happened! In June 1858 there was a song festival in Pittsburgh at which he was to play. He was also to collect money for the Knabe piano firm. Before starting on the trip a peculiar premonition befell him. He became restless, could not sleep, and while he otherwise was not concerned about his soul's welfare, he now began to reflect and often recited the stanza (in the German original):

The world that smiled when morn was breaking
May change for me ere close of day,
For while on earth my home I'm making,
Death's threat is never far away.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

His bearing also made Mama feel uneasy, and reluctantly she saw him bid her good-bye. In Pittsburgh, (561) a few days later (on June 18), he stood before the door of the Athenaeum in the evening after a concert. He asked a man about the nearest way to the Scott Hotel, where he had taken up his lodgings. This man gave him information but followed him and under the pretense that he was going the wrong way lured him to a dark place at the riverfront, where he struck him down with a blunt instrument. The reason for this horrible deed could not be ascertained since Baehr was not robbed by him, for later on he found his gold watch and \$40 untouched. Having regained consciousness, he sought his way to his hotel, where a physician was summoned since he was literally covered with blood. The physician succeeded in closing the wound so that it healed soon. But it continued to fester internally, and as a result Baehr's condition became very serious. He wrote to his wife at home, also to Knabe & Gail, that they should take care of his wife in case he should die, and prayed very

much. The perpetrator, who was led before him by the police, was most definitely identified by him. He was an Irishman by the name of McKay (McKeen?), who, however, later on, was acquitted by the jury for lack of evidence. To save Baehr's life, the physicians, as a last resort, performed an operation during which he passed away. What a terror to Mama, when she received the message of his death! What a crushing blow! (Wie vernichtet stand sie da.) Now she had nothing, no money, no relatives! When the body arrived at Baltimore, the casket was opened so that Mama could see her beloved husband once more. She collapsed and had to be put into a carriage. The funeral took place in magnificent style in the music hall. Pastor Herzberger was the chief speaker. Interment was in Baltimore Cemetery, where the writer still found the grave a few years ago. The funeral was paid for through a large collection of money and the proceeds of a benefit concert.

Our dear Mama now tasted the bitterness of life (erging es nun sehr schlecht). A few friends indeed had collected a few hundred dollars for her which, however, were soon used up (doch das reichte nicht allzu weit). With the children she at first found quarters with a widow named Roth on Baltimore Street and tried to make a living through sewing and knitting. How hard this was for her, all the more since the violent death of her husband always was before her mental vision! Then Pastor Kessler's sister, who again had married a Mr. Kessler, advised her to start a boardinghouse, because she was a good housekeeper, and with so much work to do her gloomy thoughts would leave her. Mama agreed to it, rented quite a large house on the corner of German and Packard streets (Redwood and Paca streets in present Baltimore), quite near the business section, put it in neat order, and soon enough boarders (562) announced themselves, most of them respectable merchants of Bremen. Mama had to work hard from morning to evening. Daily she had to carry baskets full of provisions home from the Lexington Market; she had to cook and keep the rooms in order. In the summer she also did extra work for three families, from one of which she received the clock which our sainted papa had in his study for years and which still is in our possession. With all the work she had to do, the children took sick several times, with measles, "Frieseln," convulsions. Mama herself, too, became seriously ill. So she passed through very hard times. She would gladly have done all the work if it had only paid. However, she had to pay \$22 rent per month; the other expenses also were high, and so she hardly made a living. When she saw that it might become necessary for her to accept very low people (recht gemeines Volk) as boarders, she gave up the boardinghouse. But what was she to do now? She was advised to accept a position in the millinery store of Mrs. Kessler's daughter. But what was then to become of the children? It so happened that some refined people who roomed with a Mrs. Katzer expressed the wish to live out in the country during the summer, in a homestead where Jerome Bonaparte had resided with his wife, Eliza Patterson. Mrs. Katzer recommended our mama to them, and, compelled by necessity, Mama agreed to it and moved out into the country

(in May 1860). The place (a palace) and surroundings were beautiful. She prepared the morning and evening meals for these people. It was very troublesome, chiefly, because she had to carry all the water quite a distance. Toward the end of the summer one of the boarders offered to take her along to Bremen, so that she could return to her relatives. Mama was not disinclined to enter upon this proposition and thought that if she could dispose of her belongings quickly it would be possible for her. Then, suddenly, a letter came from Doris Herzberger, the wife of Pastor Herzberger in Monroe, Mich., and daughter of Baehr's oldest sister, that she should come to her at an early date since she was expecting her confinement. Mama had made her acquaintance already in Baltimore when she was still the wife of a Mr. Moehle, and had learned to love her very much (ausserordentlich). The request seemed to her like a divine call. As soon as possible she sold her belongings, which went like hot cakes, and by way of Pittsburgh traveled to Toledo, where she stayed at the Island House until the train left for Monroe. On a moist October morning, at 4 o'clock, she arrived at Monroe. While she asked her way, the old Sheriff Eldred, well known to all of us, found her and took her to Patmos Island, where the Herzbergers lived. These had not risen as yet, (563) and Mama had to awaken them. Here she was with her two children! She was accorded a friendly reception and henceforth helped diligently with all the work. But when all her money was used up, she soon noticed that Pastor Herzberger no longer treated her friendly, and she felt uncomfortable. In the spring of 1861 a mighty flood (of the Raisin River) forced the entire family to leave the house. They found shelter above Mr. McKull's locksmith workshop. A congregation member of Papa's, Mr. Kressbach, who was employed there, made Mama's acquaintance, and because Papa at that time was in great need due to the death of his wife, he recommended Mrs. Baehr (to him). Mr. Kressbach also prepared Mama for this turn of things. Mama at that time was homesick and wanted to get away. She had already written to the Degenharts in Baltimore when Mr. Kressbach entered the house and said: "I'll be brief. Our pastor is in desperate need; his wife passed away, and he needs a housekeeper," etc. Immediately Papa sent for her, and at first sight took a liking to her and thought that she might be meant for him. Mama was without any means whatever. She at once accepted the offer to be Papa's housekeeper and moved into the parsonage. She took care of the entire household, which was not small, did all the laundry, mending, etc., and experienced the joy that all the children soon became attached to her in great love. Papa, too, began to love her dearly. There were some who did not like this, especially some women who had hoped to move into the parsonage. Also Aunt Kornbausch and Pastor Lemke, who evidently had been talked up by others, expressed themselves disapprovingly, and soon Mama was being criticized (bald zog man ueber Mama her). She was said to be too extravagant, too proud, to dress herself too well, to squander the property entrusted to her. Innocently Mama had to endure much. But nothing could disturb the happy mutual understanding in the home. Happily Mama sang all kinds of songs with Louise, and the children, especially Wilhelm

and Johannes, became attached to her more and more. At a pastoral conference at Adrian (Mich.) Papa discussed his situation with several brethren in office who most warmly recommended his housekeeper to him as a helpmeet. Only, having proposed to her, he should marry her at once, since it would be improper for her to live under the same roof with him as his bride. When Papa came home, one could tell by his bearing that he had something important on his mind. Mama had no inkling that he had any intentions concerning her, and said to Louise that perhaps some lady had been recommended to him and that now she might have to leave the house, whereupon Louise declared: "Then I'll go with you, Mrs. Baehr." And both wept. But it turned out to be otherwise. One day Papa put on his Sunday best (*kleidete sich aufs schoenste*), got several bottles of wine from downtown, and toward evening, as Mama was just pushing bread into the bake oven, he requested her to come into his study. Mama thought that now she would be dismissed, (564) and, instead, Papa proposed to her whether she were willing to become his spouse! Mama was too flabbergasted to consent to it on the spot. But Papa pointed out to her his own and her situation and expressed the opinion that God had destined her for him. Mama replied the children should be asked. All of them were now called upstairs, and Papa said to them: "Children, the good God has taken your mother away; are you satisfied to receive another one?" Wilhelm said: "Yes, if you again want to give us a mother, then give us Mrs. Baehr." Then all the others shouted: "We want Mrs. Baehr!" Even Willie, Mama's own child, shouted: "We want Mrs. Baehr!" And so the matter was settled. Having presented his matter to God in a fervent prayer in the presence of all, he sent for Mr. Frischeisen and Mr. C. Mohr, who were to act as witnesses. In the evening also Pastor Lemke came, who had been appointed beforehand to solemnize the marriage the same day. It was the evening of the midweek service, and to the astonishment of all, for no one knew anything about it, Papa led his bride to the altar. Pastor Lemke preached an ordinary sermon on the Merciful Samaritan and then solemnized the marriage. The whole matter happened so suddenly, and no preparations had been made for a wedding dinner. But what difference did it make! They ate bread with canned quinces and drank currant wine and were in a happy mood (*waren froehlich und guter Dinge*). God had ordered everything wonderfully. Both Papa and Mama were now provided for, and Mama later testified a hundred times that through Papa she found the foundation of her faith, the Lord Jesus Christ, and that she could not praise and thank God enough for this. Of course, some wicked tongues again were wagging. Mr. Probst, who always delighted in finding fault with Papa, remonstrated vehemently because Papa had not announced his impending engagement to the board of elders, since the board had the right to utter its opinion in such matters. Mr. Kurz went so far as to declare (*verstieg sich zu der Behauptung*) Papa had no right at all to marry, since a bishop should be the husband of only one wife. Several found fault with Papa for having married so soon after the death of his first wife. His first wife had died March 2, 1861, and the wedding took place on November 20 of the same year. As stated before,

it also was evident that several women begrudged him his good fortune. But Papa did not get excited over all this gossip and was happy with his new wife. Mama indeed was possessed of an unusually lovable personality. She was an excellent housewife, a very good cook, and her hand very much improved the appearance of the parsonage. Being gifted well, she was a good conversationalist, and through her storytelling and many songs and, in general, through her pleasant disposition she spread a lovely charm in the home. Unto her old age she retained an astounding memory, and what she could do in fancywork called forth astonishment on the part of all. A real work of art was a white bedspread which she crocheted in her 76th year. So the family could be well satisfied with her.

A FEW NOTES ON THE HATTSTAEDT CHILDREN

(Note: These notes have been abridged, and the order of their sequence has been changed from that in the original. Also, some supplementary data have been added by the translator. - O.H., Jr.)

1. (563) Louise, the oldest child, born December 16, 1847, married Pastor Johannes Gottlob Walther, son of Pastor Otto Hermann Walther of St. Louis, the older brother of the most esteemed Dr. C.F.W. Walther, on November 15, 1865. Pastor J.G. Walther was born at St. Louis on October 1, 1840. He was pastor at Wyandotte, Mich., at the time of his marriage. Resigning from the ministry, he started a bookstore in St. Louis, then became a parochial school teacher at Frankenmuth, Mich., and still held another position at Tawas City, Mich., and finally moved back to Frankenmuth. He died at Saginaw, Mich., February 9, 1897. His widow survived him by many years, living with some of her children. She died at Hemlock, Mich., October 6, 1924.

Children of this marriage are the following:

Hermann Otto, born September 23, 1866, at Wyandotte, Mich. Businessman. Married Magdalene Oehlert. Second marriage to Sophie Reif. And married a third time. Died March 22, 1950, at Santa Ana, Calif.

C. Ferdinand W.H., born January 20, 1868, at Wyandotte. Pastor. Married Theodora Friedrich, October 16, 1895. Died March 19, 1937, at St. Paul, Minn.

Agnes, born August 17, 1869, at Monroe, Mich. Married to John G. Weiss, parochial school teacher, July 19, 1894.

Robert P.F., born May 3, 1872, at St. Louis, Mo. Businessman. Died June 19, 1905, at Saginaw, Mich.

William M.A., born July 4, 1874, at St. Louis. Businessman. Married Angelica Oehlert June 10, 1903. Died March 30, 1959.

Max B.L., born June 16, 1876, at Frankenmuth, Mich. Reporter and editor. Died January 26, 1920, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Ernst O.F., born May 1, 1878, at Frankenmuth. Pastor. Married Agnes List November 11, 1914. Died October 3, 1953, at Midland, Mich.

Felicitas J.A., born October 14, 1880, at Frankenmuth. Married to Herbert N. Wheeler (United States Forestry Service) June 22, 1909. Died September 26, 1955, at Boulder, Colo.

Victor H.S., born August 21, 1882, at Frankenmuth. Electrical engineer. Married Eleanor Runzheimer April 30, 1918. Died September 29, 1926, at Denver, Colo.

Martha H.M., born August 14, 1884, at Frankenmuth. Married Paul G. Viehweg, music teacher.

John A.T., born October 25, 1886, at Tawas City, Mich. Professor at Akron University, Married Amelia Wannemacher November 28, 1912. Died November 4, 1941, at Akron, Ohio.

Paul G. O., born October 15, 1889, at Saginaw, Mich. Pastor, now retired. Married Bertha Louise Haller September 29, 1915.

2. (566) Wilhelm, the second child, born November 24, 1849, died September 17, 1873, at Shreveport, La., of yellow fever. He was brilliantly gifted and was an outstanding pastor and missionary. He could still have done so much, but God called him home early. God's ways are past finding out.

(Note: See Dr. Walther's two-page obituary on Friedrich Wilhelm Herrmann Hattstaedt in Lutheraner, issue of December 1, 1873. O.H., Jr.)

3. John, the second son, was born December 28, 1851. He married Kate May Castle of Chicago on December 27, 1882. The marriage was solemnized by Pastor Carl Eissfeldt and was a happy one. Having given up his studies at Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind., John dedicated himself to music, being an excellent pianist. He began teaching piano in Detroit in 1870 and taught also in St. Louis, 1872 to 1873. He received his musical education by private instruction in Boston, Mass., from the famous William Mason and, later, also in Germany. Settling in Chicago, he was a teacher of piano in the Chicago (Ziegfeld) Music College from 1875 to 1886, in which year he founded the American Conservatory of Music, which by and by grew to become the largest music school

in our country with more than 4,000 pupils and 120 instructors. He also lectured on the history of music, aesthetics, pedagogics, and similar topics, and is the author of a Manual of Musical History. His wife belongs to the Episcopalian Church and always was very much attached to us, and we are very fond of her. John remained true to his Lutheran faith. He was an active member of First St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Chicago as long as he lived in that city. He also took a lively interest in synodical affairs. He died on November 30, 1931. (His wife was still living at the age of 106 at Palm Springs, Calif., at the time this translation was prepared - 1961. - O.H., Jr.) *

Children: John Robert, now at the head of the American Conservatory of Music, and Louise Annie (Mrs. Hugh Comer Winter). One child died at its birth. John Robert's first two wives have died, and he has entered a third marriage with Ethel Lyons, one of the teachers at the conservatory. He has a son, John J., and a daughter, Jane Ann, by his second wife, whose name was Maren Johansen.

4. (566) Marie, the second daughter, married Pastor Bernhard Sievers on January 4, 1877, the marriage being solemnized by Papa at Monroe, Mich. Bernhard at that time was pastor at California, Mo., but was soon called to Cape Girardeau, Mo., where he transformed a badly neglected congregation in a short time into a well-ordered one so that he attracted the attention of Dr. C.F.W. Walther. When Pastor Christian H. Loeber of St. Stephen's Congregation in Milwaukee accepted the call to become director of Concordia College there, Dr. Walther proposed Bernhard as Loeber's successor. Bernhard was called and arrived in Milwaukee in October 1885. For 46 years he was pastor of the large St. Stephen's Congregation and worked with a great blessing. At last he was only assistant pastor, being unable on account of illness and the infirmities of old age to do the full work of a pastor. He died June 1, 1931. His wife survived him by seven years. She died August 5, 1938.

Children:

Hedwig, born November 17, 1878; died October 17, 1956. Married to Pastor John Graebner (born March 6, 1878; died May 3, 1927).

Clara, born August 10, 1880; died April 13, 1951. Married to Ernst Baars (born February 4, 1880; died April 8, 1954).

Frieda, born February 17, 1882; died December 27, 1908.

Alma, born August 16, 1884. Married to Pastor Gerhardt Schmidt (born February 23, 1883; died October 4, 1956).

*She passed away at Hollywood, California, August 7, 1961.

Walter, born May 17, 1886. Pastor, now retired. Married Elizabeth Meyer (born July 14, 1892, died December 31, 1956).

Mariechen, born June 8, 1889; died March 31, 1921.

Hilda, born June 8, 1891; died April 30, 1954. Married to Professor Winfried Schaller.

Two children, Dorchon and Theodor, died in early infancy.

5. (570) Hermann, the third brother, born December 26, 1856, married Minna List (born May 29, 1862), daughter of Pastor J. List of Preble, Ind., who also married the couple, on July 18, 1886. After completing his studies at the teachers seminary at Addison, Ill., in 1877, Hermann taught school at Portage, Wis. After two years he received a call to Little Rock, Ark., and in 1881 he became teacher at First Immanuel School in Chicago (Rev. L. Hoelter) and soon advanced to the principalship. A very capable teacher, he instructed at this school for more than 32 years. He also was choirmaster and organist of the congregation. As a good pianist he instructed many pupils in piano. He was well liked by all. He succumbed to a liver disease on March 14, 1914. His widow outlived him by many years, dying December 8, 1948.

Children:

William O.J., born May 16, 1887; died March 29, 1948.

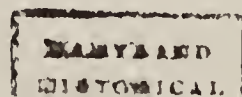
Hulda E., born November 16, 1888. Married to Theodore Hoelter (died June 1933); second marriage to Norman W. Roberts. Hulda died January 17, 1953.

Alma J., born February 17, 1891. Married to Robert B. Lauder.

Harry, born April 20, 1894; died December 6, 1900.

Norma B., born July 9, 1907. Married to Borton J. Borg.

6. (570) Julie, born February 5, 1859, the third daughter, remained single and had her home with her brother Otto in Milwaukee for 54 years, from 1888 until her death on February 1, 1943. In Milwaukee she soon found a position as teacher at Bethlehem Lutheran School. A very capable teacher and well liked by all, she served at this school for 35 years. Solemnly and with high honors she was retired from her service



as schoolteacher in 1923. She was always considered as belonging to the family. She helped bringing up the children when they were small and took part in all the joys and sorrows of the house. Unto her decease she was a member of Bethlehem Congregation. On November 21, 1942, she fell down a stairway and broke a hip and then was on her back for ten weeks, first at St. Joseph's Hospital, then at a nursing home at 2818 Highland Boulevard. Her end was quiet and peaceful. On February 4 (1943), one day before her 84th birthday, we laid her to rest in Wanderers Rest Cemetery, Milwaukee.

1907997

7. (543) Benjamin, born February 2, 1861; died March 17, 1861.

8. (567) Willie, the older of the children of Mama's first marriage, born July 17, 1854, at Baltimore, Md., married Kate Romeis (born December 14, 1862) on June 28, 1883, daughter of Mayor Jakob Romeis of Toledo, Ohio. The marriage was solemnized by Papa and was a happy one. After Willie had learned the dry goods business with Eaton & Co., he started his own business and for years had a store on Adams Street in Toledo. For reasons of health, and advancing in age, he gave up his business and occupied himself with gardening on the Romeis estate on Matzinger Road, a short distance north of Toledo. Here he was struck and fatally injured by an automobile one evening. He was immediately taken to a hospital, where he died a few days later, on October 1, 1931. His wife died April 26, 1959.

Children:

Norma, born May 13, 1884. Married to Joseph W. Jennings (born May 21, 1884).

Carl Romeis, born October 4, 1889. Married Helen Barnet (born February 10, 1890; died October 6, 1952). Carl died December 1, 1950, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Louis William, born September 24, 1892. Married Carmen Haskins (died November 8, 1918); married Elizabeth Baehr (born September 7, 1892; died September 1960). Louis is living at Van Nuys, Calif.

8. (569) Virginie, the second child of Mama's first marriage, born October 12, 1857, at Baltimore, Md. Married to Pastor Carl Sorg on February 17, 1885, Pastor Carl Franke of Monroe, Mich., performing the marriage ceremony. Sorg was born May 30, 1851, at Saarbruecken, Ger-

many, studied at Concordia Seminary, Springfield, Ill., and entered the ministry in 1883. He seemed to be quite an agreeable man, and Mama gladly gave her consent to Virginie's engagement. However, Sorg lacked the gift of getting along with the people in his congregations. After three short pastorates at Hemlock, Mich., Fremont, Wis., and Merrill, Wis. (St. John's Congregation), he resigned from the ministry. Later he held a state government job at Madison, Wis., for a few years. He lost this job in an unsuccessful election and moved to Milwaukee and built himself a fine house on 35th and Brown streets. Here he died on March 16, 1915. Virginie had no children. She survived her husband by many years and died December 4, 1938.

9.(571) Otto, the fourth brother (and only child of Papa's and Mama's second marriages). Since I am the writer, may I be permitted to write in the first person.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PROF. OTTO F. HATTSTAEDT

I was born on December 31, 1862 (at Monroe, Mich.), and baptized on January 18, 1863, in church (Trinity, Monroe). Seven years I attended parochial school, was confirmed April 6, 1876, and, having received some instruction of Papa in Latin, entered Concordia College at Fort Wayne, Ind., as a "Quintaner" (sophomore high). Studying was easy for me, and I always received good reports and was graduated in 1881 "mit Maturitaet 1." In the fall of the same year I went to St. Louis to study theology (at Concordia Seminary). Our class was the last one to take up residence in the old venerable, "gemuetlich" seminary building which was to be razed the next year. Christmas I spent at Cape Girardeau, Mo., with Bernhard and Marie Sievers. In March I wrote my first sermon. Dr. Walther, who heard it at Immanuel Church (St. Louis), was so well pleased with it that later (572) he appointed me as a speaker at the dedication of the new seminary building. At the home of Louis Lange, Jr., I at once found a wonderful reception, and for three years I was a guest at his home. When we returned in the fall of 1882, the old seminary had disappeared, and the foundation walls of the new building already were laid. We had to get along without many comforts (recht duerftig mussten wir uns behelfen) in this year, until Mr. Kaehler moved to Chicago at the beginning of March (1883), and I, together with William Rudolph, Louis Dorn, and August Lange, could move into his home on Texas Avenue. We saw how the new seminary building was going up. In September 1883 it was dedicated. At that occasion I had to deliver a half-hour address on the theme "Ein Vergleich zwischen der Wittenberger Universitaet und unserm theologischen Seminar" ("A Comparison Between the University of Wittenberg and Our New Seminary"). Now we lived in the new seminary building, where we did not like it too well. (Note: See my father's article: "Reminiscences of the Seminary at St.

Louis, 1881 to 1884," in Concordia Historical Institute Quarterly, Vol. XIV, No. 1, April 1941. - O.H., Jr.)

Christmas I spent again at Cape Girardeau in terribly cold weather. Arriving back at St. Louis, I had to go to bed. I fell sick with typhoid fever (Nervenfieber) and spent two months at the hospital. Dr. Walther and Dr. G. Stoeckhardt often visited me. Since Papa was so seriously ill and his end was near, it was resolved to let me go to Monroe. On March 17 (1884) I arrived at home. As I entered the house, Mama fell upon my neck and said: "Oh, how glad I am to have you again since Papa is on his deathbed!" It touched me to the quick (wahrhaft ergreifend war es) as I entered the sickroom. How happy Papa was to see me! The few days he still was living I was with him daily for some time until he passed away on March 22. His funeral took place on the 25th in terribly rainy weather. On Easter Sunday I preached the sermon at Monroe, and on April 19 I journeyed back to St. Louis to prepare for my examination. Dr. Walther gladly excused me from the work which the class had to do (during my absence). In June the Delegate Synod convened at St. Louis, at which the affairs of the three-year-old college at Milwaukee came up for discussion. (573) The sentiment being favorable, the board of control of the college resolved to call a fourth professor from among the seminary candidates of this year. Upon Dr. Walther's recommendation I was chosen. Everybody cordially congratulated me. Too bad that Papa did not live to see this! I accepted the call and was inducted into office on September 7, 1884, at Trinity Church, Milwaukee, by Pastor H. Sprengeler. Now I could put the title "Professor" before my name.

The first years of my activity at the college were not exactly pleasant. I lived in Spartan simplicity together with 60 to 70 students in a room in the so-called Frame Building, ate my frugal meals with Mr. Schroeter, who oftentimes was very unpleasant, and for three years received a salary of only \$300 (annually) and had to pay off a debt of \$250. I also had to send Mama \$5.00 each month. Add to this the extremely poor circumstances of the college and the bitter hostility to which it was exposed on the part of many in Synod. But these years passed by. Even until the turn of the century, when we received our Administration and Classroom Building, life at the college was not any too pleasant. With my colleagues, Carl Huth, Emil Hamann, G. William Mueller, and Director Christian Loeber, I was on good terms.

On November 21, 1886, I became engaged to Pauline Amalie, daughter of Mr. J.F. Schuricht of St. Louis. I had made her acquaintance as a seminary student and had at once loved her, and she, too, had taken a liking to me. But I feared to ask for her hand any sooner because I was as poor as a church mouse. Finally, however, encouraged by Pastor Carl Eissfeldt, the go-between between me and her, I made up my mind to be in earnest about it, and so our engagement came about. Who

was happier than I? During the Christmas vacation I passed the pleasantest days in the Schuricht home, and on July 24, 1887, the wedding took place at Cherry Hill (the Schuricht farm home south of St. Louis). (574) We were married in St. Trinity Church in Carondelet (St. Louis). Pastor W. Achenbach gave a fine address on 1 Cor. 16:14: "Let all your things be done with charity" (with love). We spent the remaining days of my vacation at Monroe, where Mama and Julie took a great liking to my beloved Pauline. Then we went to Milwaukee and moved into a fine two-story house on 21st Street (No. 254), built by Teacher George Steuber. Here we lived for four years until Synod built us a house out at the college.

Eight children were born to me by my dear wife:

Otto Georg Johannes, born May 1, 1888. Pastor, later copyreader in the editorial department of Concordia Publishing House in St. Louis, now retired. Married Emma Brauer of Niles, Cook Co., Ill., on August 24, 1911. After her death, on March 4, 1945, he married Lucy Preusser Braun, widow of Pastor Harold Braun, on November 28, 1954.

Amalie Julie Bertha, born September 28, 1889. Remained single.

Emma Emilie Virginie, born March 31, 1891. Married to Pastor Carl F. Dietz, Jr., May 8, 1912, (born September 7, 1887; died April 5, 1952). Emma died December 16, 1960.

Paula Marie Mathilde, born August 27, 1892. Married to Pastor Paul Koenig on August 18, 1915 (born February 17, 1889).

Alfred Ludwig Fuerchtegott, born January 11, 1895. Remained single. For many years an employee of Standard Oil Co. Died April 28, 1953.

Theodor Hermann Sigismund, born April 5, 1896. Remained single. For many years an employee of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Co.

Louise, born and died January 29, 1898.

Edwin Wilhelm Ernst, born April 11, 1899. Professor and librarian at Concordia College, Milwaukee. Married Elsa Schroth on August 25, 1945. Ph. D. from Marquette University.

So I was a richly blessed man. I loved my children dearly, and there was never a more loving mother than our precious Mama.

My main subject at the college was German. To teach German in a country becoming English more and more was not easy. Yet I have done the difficult work (die saure Arbeit), from the first school day to the last for 54 years. Whatever success I had was due to two causes: For one thing, I insisted upon a thorough instruction in grammar, and secondly, I had my students deliver many written exercises, since only

writing leads to the necessary accuracy. I have corrected more than 35,000 written compositions, not to mention innumerable other written exercises, (575) and never have I regretted this extremely arduous work. I also taught history for 27 years, first in the lower classes, then in the upper classes (Prima and Secunda, freshman and sophomore college). For 17 years I also instructed Latin and other subjects. In spite of all this stupendous work I still found time to edit several books: Handbuch der deutschen Nationalliteratur (three editions), Deutsche Grammatik (two editions), Liederschatz, and Geschichte des Sued-Wisconsin-Distrikts.

I also was pastor. On November 2, 1884, I was installed as assistant to Pastor George Kuechle in Immanuel Church and served the congregation for 32 years. I preached often, assisted at Holy Communion every two weeks, and officiated at many baptisms, marriages, and funerals. When the congregation called a second full-time pastor, I left and for 14 more years served other congregations in Milwaukee (Cross, Zion, St. Stephen's), until I finally joined Trinity Church as a member.

The following ought to be added to my college activity. For 22 years I was choir instructor at the college, and for 44 years secretary of the faculty. As such I had to write all the minutes and draw up many other documents, and about 15,000 reports and 1,200 diplomas bear my signature. I became librarian of the college, a position which I still hold today (1941). My secondary study (Nebenstudium) was hymnology, and many articles on this subject in the Lutheraner flowed from my pen. And so it came to pass that I served on the committee for the revision of our German hymnbook. The revision was not always according to my liking, but Director E. Krauss and others had everything to say (fuehrten das grosse Wort), and my objections were to no avail. (Here a few instances are mentioned. - O.H., Jr.)

After our little Louise had been committed to the earth at the end of January 1898, our precious Grandma passed away on December 4, 1902—the second death in our house. For some time we noticed that her strength was declining. She complained about difficulty in breathing, causing us to become much alarmed about her condition. On October 12 she attended church and Holy Communion for the last time. In mid-November there was a "Kraenzchen" (a ladies' gathering) at the Albrecht residence, and while the other women did nothing, she knitted diligently and said: "I still have to finish too much before Christmas." Daily she was in her room, diligently at work. Two weeks prior to her death she yet had a dress made for herself "so that I have something to put on when they lay me out." We laughed about it, but it was to come true. Nothing indicated that her death was near until the night of December 2 to 3 (Tuesday to Wednesday), when she had great difficulty in breathing, so that Julie had to stay up with her most of the night until Paula relieved her in the morning. However, she began to improve and

enjoyed a good sleep the following night. Thursday morning she yet dressed herself, made her bed, took up her knitting, and was in good spirits. After dinner I sat down with her for quite a while, conversing with her. She gave me the order to get her money from the bank so that I would have it at hand if she should die. I was to use it for her funeral. She spoke about the Sorgs, that they should sell their house in the spring, since there was a mortgage resting upon it, etc. Julie had gone (577) to school at 12:45 P.M., and Paula to the ladies' society at 1:30. I wanted to go to the doctor on account of a severe cold, went to my study, and returned - and that was providential, for Mama suffered severe attacks, had a rattling in her throat, blood in her saliva, and was restless and full of fear. After an hour and a half I saw that her end was approaching. I sent Amalie, who alone was with me at home, to (our next-door neighbors) the Hamanns, and had her call Julie home from school per telephone; she came at half past 3. I also had Paula come home, who arrived shortly before 4. Mama's distress became ever greater, cold perspiration was on her forehead, and finally - she sat in her armchair, her head resting on my arm - the rattling ceased, her eyes became fixed, she nodded her head, her eyes closed. Julie and I both exclaimed: "Now our mama is going home! Now she has passed away." We laid her on her bed and covered her up. The physician, Dr. Hoyer, now came and stated her death.

Mama perceived it at once that this was her last. She called for the doctor and made several outcries. I prayed with her: "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden.... Erscheine mir zum Schilde" etc. (stanzas 9 and 10 of Hymn 172 in the Lutheran Hymnal, in the German original); "For God so loved the world" etc.; "The Lord is my Shepherd," etc., and pointed out to her that she was now passing through the dark valley of tribulation, but there in the heavenly distance it was light and beautiful. Mama said she prayed those hymn stanzas already last night and spoke them with me to the end. Several times she grasped my hand and said: "You, my good boy, have always been everything to me" ("mein ein und mein alles"). When Paula came, she said: "You, Paula, have always been so good to me." With Paula came Edwin, our smallest one, not even four years old. When he saw Mama struggling so hard, he said: "Was ist mit die Omie? Warum macht sie so?" (What is the matter with Omie? Why does she act so?) whereupon Mama said: "You dear child, I have always loved you so much." At 4 o'clock she said to me: "Otto, in five minutes it will all be over (ist's mit mir aus). I have to struggle hard," whereupon Paula replied: "Have just a little more patience, then the Savior will come and take you home." Mama was an energetic (578) woman. She was not bedfast, and only a few minutes before her death she unbuttoned her dress. Friday afternoon they laid Mama in her casket, and Saturday at 1 P.M. my six colleagues carried her from the house into the new college chapel, where she lay in state for one hour. At 2 o'clock the funeral service was held, Pastor John Schlerf speaking on 2 Cor. 5:8, 9: "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent

from the body and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him." Then the body was taken to the railroad station to be conveyed to Monroe, Mich., where it arrived on Sunday morning (December 7). It was taken to the home of Mr. George Finzel. In the afternoon the funeral service was conducted in Trinity Church. Pastor Henry Frincke spoke on Prov. 10:7: "The memory of the just is blessed." Then the body was laid to rest at Papa's side in the cemetery. All children were present at the funeral; even Louise had come from Saginaw; I alone was absent because I felt too sick (to make the trip to Monroe). Now also Mama rests in her grave awaiting the glorious resurrection. Fourteen years she had been with us in Milwaukee, and we miss her sorely. It took a long time until we got over her loss.

On July 13, 1909, I was permitted to celebrate my 25th anniversary in office. A beautiful celebration had been arranged by the pastoral conference in honor of Pastors Carl Dietz and Jacob Rubel, classmates of mine, and myself. Each one of us received \$25.

(580) In 1914 the dreadful (First) World War broke out, and in 1917 our country was drawn into it. A horrible time began for us of German descent. With lies, hatred, and slander we were being persecuted, and all things German were condemned to the lowest depths (in Grund und Boden verdammt). But did not God have His wise intentions in this? Forcefully we were driven into English work so that by means of the English language we might be able to work for the welfare of His church.

In June 1930 the Concordia Seminary faculty of St. Louis bestowed upon me the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity. I, a poor and unworthy person, resisted with hands and feet against accepting this high honor, but upon the urgent encouragement of Dr. L. Fuerbringer and others I finally yielded. So I'll have to consent to it that a D.D. is affixed to my name.

On June 13, 1934, my 50th anniversary in office was observed. A magnificent celebration was staged in my honor in our college gymnasium, which was filled by a vast crowd of people. I was led to the front by my colleagues and took my seat in an armchair. The hymns "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation" (in German) and "Now Thank We All Our God" (in English) resounded mightily from the vast assembly. The singing of Psalm 100 by the Glee Club and of "Bless the Lord, O My Soul" by the choir of Trinity Church was beautiful. Excellent sermons were given by (581) Prof. Theodore Laetsch of St. Louis in German and by Pastor Karl Kretzschmar of Fort Smith, Ark., in English. The playing of the Concordia College orchestra at the beginning and at the close, too, was very fine. The Men's Club congratulated me cordially and handed me \$50, likewise the Ladies' Aid, also with a gift of \$50. Director G. Chr. Barth presented a gift of \$231 to me from former pupils of

of mine. But most of all, I felt happy over the dedication accorded me by the faculty. Of course, I, too, had to make a speech in which I heartily thanked for the love and kindness shown to me. After the celebration I was surrounded by so many people who offered their congratulations that I did not get home until after 10 o'clock. We had open house, and a lively open house it was (so ging es in unserer Wohnung sehr lebhaft her), since many desired to share my joy. All of them were treated well and had a good time. I received more than 100 letters of congratulation and 12 mighty big bouquets, a dozen bottles of wine, and other things. It was indeed a glorious celebration. All praise and thanks to God!

Fifty years I had served the church. Four more years I stood it and then retired from office at Concordia College, in June 1938. I had grown old, and my strength was diminishing; I realized that now the time had come to resign after Mueller and Albrecht (two colleagues) had already retired. On June 7 I gave my last lesson to Prima (the sophomore college class). I briefly addressed the class and left the classroom never to enter it again. My official activity had come to an end. It had lasted 54 years. Now I may take a rest until at last the Lord will call me home into His heavenly kingdom.

In the same year, on August 2, my dearly beloved wife passed away. A year previously, on July 24, 1937, we had celebrated our golden wedding most beautifully, Pastor Henry Grueber giving the address. (582) My dear wife already then was ailing seriously and had to lie down immediately after the festive meal. She also remained upstairs in her room the whole evening, while there was much hilarity downstairs (waehrend es unten hoch herging). Thus it was with my beloved one; so it was the entire year. Her condition steadily grew worse until at last she could go home on August 2. It was a hard blow to us, hardest of all, of course, to me. My dear, precious, good wife meant everything to me (war mein ein und mein alles), and I miss her everywhere (an allen Ecken und Enden). Now I am alone, for my children cannot replace my wife. I am awaiting only my end, which I hope will come soon. Still, I am well taken care of, thank God, for my daughter Amalie conducts the household very efficiently.

(Note: My father lived to the age of almost 88 and died very suddenly of a heart attack on November 29, 1950. Unto his dying day he had been in good health, physically and mentally. Only his eyesight and hearing were defective. His obituary appeared in the Lutheraner of January 16, 1951, and in the Lutheran Witness of May 1, 1951.)

Another article, entitled "Personal Reminiscences," in Concordia Historical Institute Quarterly, Vol. XIV, No. 2 (July 1941), written by my father, may be of interest to the reader. In it he described his acquaintance with many renowned men of our synod who have long since

gone to their reward.

Whether the name Hattstaedt will be perpetuated or not depends on two male descendants who bear this name; John J. Hattstaedt, the son of Robert Hattstaedt, mentioned on page 23 of this story, and Paul David Hattstaedt, grandson of the translator of this story. - O.H., Jr.)

ms
c5
71
H 266
1761

